

Rockin' Bones by CrownedKingLewis

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-10-29

Updated: 2018-10-29

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:54:34

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,124

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A Halloween themed AU, with the classic Serial Killer trope and a bunch of kids being stupid in a lodge in the middle of the woods.

Billy's made up his mind. "We're gonna die anyway." If only one survivor comes out of this, it should at least be Steve. "We may as well put up a fight."

Rockin' Bones

Author's Note:

Basically, playing *Friday the 13th* for two weeks straight produced this. That being said, I also got some inspiration from the movies *Evil Dead*, *Cabin In The Woods*, and the video game *Until Dawn*. You might notice very brief resemblances but nothing of real significance. It's a fic with a predictable plot, which is the point! I just wanted to bring that to life for Halloween in the form of a Harringrove fic, and well... here's this disaster lmao.

He starts slow, one by one, until a group of fifteen becomes a mystery number over the course of a single night.

He is a stranger in a mask. He's tall and bulky, with tough, wrinkled hands that are scarred and ugly with age. His clothes are dirty and worn out, like that of a doll's that's been dug up from beneath the earth. They're stained with the blood he forced out of Kelly's delicate throat when he crushed her windpipe with his bare fingers, and from cutting off the limbs from the Minnesota kid that choked on his own scream before he could beg for help.

Billy hasn't seen the stranger's face, but he's sure the guy must be one ugly looking motherfucker.

He must be real fucked up too, having targeted a bunch of high school kids from Indiana. They were nothing but a group of morons getting high on pot and playing shit like *spin the bottle* and *truth or dare* to get laid on whatever old, creaky bed they could find before they got their rocks off. Fifteen teenagers, being stupid and drinking cheap rum and fruit punch one fateful night in the outskirts of Tennessee.

And Billy's seen at least half of them dead by now, with gaping mouths and widened, vacant eyes. Frozen on their last pained scream, unlike Jackson, whose face was repeatedly bashed in against the dusty, wooden floor of the lodge.

Now the night is silent and eerie, the coppery smell of brains and guts and *blood* thick in the air.

Billy isn't scared, he's *terrified* . This man makes Neil look like a coward. He demanded for nothing, but took what he wanted. Though what he wants exactly is unclear, a mystery Billy's not very motivated to discover.

His only goal is to make it, even if he's the last one alive. He doesn't want to die like that; scared and alone, at the hands of serial killer that'll make you feel real pain before you're even out.

In fact, he's the one that's ready to **kill** when a shadow stumbles into the basement he'd been hiding in.

"Jesus ☐" The voice is familiar, even if fear alters its tone when Billy grabs the person by the back of their shirt, pocket knife tight in hand.
" *Jesus!* "

" *Shut up!* " Billy hisses between bared teeth, clasp his free hand over the other's mouth when they fall back into his arms. He's not as inclined to stab them to death when the lack of movement allows him to make out their face in the dark, but he holds on just as tight when they begin to thrash for the upper hand like a wild fucking animal. " *Harrington?* "

They freeze, pause, and then pull Billy's hand away. "Billy?" Then he adds, without much hesitation, " *You're* alive?"

"Don't act so surprised." And just like that, Billy's pushing him away with little kindness, chest tight and heart heavy. He's either happy to see him or scared out of his wits. "Not too shabby for someone like me."

Steve ignores him right off the bat. "Have you seen Tommy? Reed? Grace?"

It sounds like he's asking for the people he suspects are alive, not for the ones he's the most worried about. It *sounds* like he already knows the rest are dead. Judging by the blood on his face, Billy would say he had a close encounter himself. "Not Tommy," He breathes in.

“Forget about the other two.”

“Oh my god,” Steve’s adrenaline must be fueled by pure panic alone, because his voice cracks immediately. “We’re going to fucking *die*. ”

“Be quieter, would you?” Billy’s eyes shift nervously to the stairs, then back to Steve. “Do you have your phone?”

Steve honest to God *snickers* like he’s heard the dumbest shit in his life. “Are you kidding me?” He turns to look at Billy dead in the eye, whispering. “There’s no signal in this hellhole. No fucking *wifi* □ nothing. We’ll be lucky if someone even gets here fast enough before that asshole pops our eyes out like squeeze toys.”

“So we what, bury our heads in the sand?” At the question, Steve shuts his mouth and makes a face that looks dangerously close like he was about to give him an affirmative answer. Billy scoffs. “There’s something we gotta do, man.”

“I doubt the cars even work.” Steve doesn’t seem like much of a keen believer of hope. “And like, we gotta go get the keys and then literally hope for the best. I don’t know about you,” He leans closer. “But by the looks of it, we’re no match for that crazy piece of shit.”

“We can try and kill him.” Steve blinks at him, face stoic. “Seriously, Harrington, do you not have a drive to fight? You had a lot of it back in hick town. What happened?”

“Fuck you.” This reply, however, has actual heat in it. “You saw what he did to everyone. They’re *dead* , Billy. We’re dropping like flies.”

Steve has a point. It takes a great deal of strength and intelligence to pull off what that man did in two hours tops. He’d kill someone and then move to the other, leaving the last body to rot wherever he left it. They’ll be nothing but bones and decayed flesh left in some remote part of the state, forgotten, until their parents start wondering where they are. *If* they never make it out alive.

But then he thinks about how only moments ago Steve was smiling and drinking and doing shit like listening to *Phoenix* and laughing in the crook of Carol’s neck as they danced and stumbled over their own

feet. He thinks about how he watched Steve, washing down some of the heat in his gut with a beer that had long since gone lukewarm, contemplating if he should do something about it or not. Wondering how Steve's lips would feel against his own.

Billy's made up his mind. "We're gonna die anyway." If only one survivor comes out of this, it should at least be Steve. "We may as well put up a fight."

Billy doesn't know Harrington well enough to know exactly what goes in his mind during moments like these, when he stares like he's contemplating something, brown eyes round and hard. But he sighs like Billy's just *that* unbearable, and goes, "If *we're* gonna kill him at least grab something bigger." Then he gestures to Billy's pocket knife, a slight pout to his lips. "I think I saw a chainsaw in the storage room."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Billy hates that he finds that endearing. If Steve wanted to cut the fucker into pieces, then so be it. "Lead the way, Stevie."

Author's Note:

There should be a second part coming sometime soon. Maybe next weekend, although I would prefer to do it before Halloween, but my schedule is a little busy.): This chapter wasn't as **spooky** as I initially intended it to be, but the second chapter might be. Just beware of that.

You can also come bother me on tumblr! URL:
[benalras](#)